

FIFTY-FIRST SEASON.

Handel and Haydn Society.

THE WORDS

—OF—

HANDEL'S ORATORIO,

JEPHTHA,

AS PERFORMED

On SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 17, 1867,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

WITH THE EMINENT ARTISTE,

MADAME PAREPA,

TOGETHER WITH

Mrs. J. S. CARY, Miss KATE RAMETTI,

Miss CLARA M. LORING,

Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY,

The Large Chorus of the Society, the Full Orchestra of the
Symphony Concerts, and the GREAT ORGAN.

CARL ZERRAHN,.....**Conductor.**

B. J. LANG,.....**Organist.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JEPHTHA, Judge of Israel, and Leader of the Army,.....Mr. GEO. SIMPSON.
ZEBUL, Jephtha's half-brother, a Warrior,.....Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.
HAMOR, a Warrior, betrothed to Iphis,.....Miss KATE RAMETTI.
STORGE, Wife of Jephtha,.....Mrs. J. S. CARY.
IPHIS, Jephtha's daughter, betrothed to Hamor,.....Mme. PAREPA.
AN ANGEL,.....Miss LORING.

Though HAMOR is a male character, the composition of a portion of that rôle is such as to render it quite impossible to present it in that manner; and it is, in consequence assigned to a Contralto.

**TICKETS, (with Secured Seats,) \$1.50 and \$1.00 each, according to location,
FOR SALE AT THE MUSIC HALL.**

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Oratorio will commence at 7.

E. L. BALCH, Printer, 34 School Street.

HANDEL'S "JEPHTHA."

PART I.

OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE.—*Zebul*.

It must be so; or these vile Ammonites
(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years)
Will crush the race of Israel.

Since heav'n vouchsafes not, with immediate
To point us out a leader, as before, [choice,
Ourselves must choose.—And who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephtha?
True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expell'd him
hence,

As of a stranger born; but well I know him;
His gen'rous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid.—
And, perhaps, heav'n may favor our request,
If with repentant hearts we sue for mercy.

AIR.

Pour forth no more unheeded pray'rs
To idols deaf and vain:
No more with vile unhallow'd airs,
The sacred rites profane.

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's god and king,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue.

Chemosh no more

Will we adore,

With timbrell'd anthems, to Jehovah due.

REC.—*Zebul*.

But Jephtha comes.—Kind heav'n, assist our
O Jephtha, with an eye of pity look [plea!
On thy repentant brethren in distress.
Forgetful of thy wrongs, redress thy sire,
Thy friends, thy country, in extreme despair.

Jephtha.

I will:—so please it heav'n; and these the
terms:

If I command in war, the like command
(Should heav'n vouchsafe us a victorious peace)
Shall still be mine.—

Zebul.

Agreed.—Be witness, heaven.

AIR.—*Jephtha*.

Virtue my soul shall still embrace,
Goodness shall make me great,
Who builds upon this steady base
Dreads no event of fate.

REC.—*Storge*.

'Twill be a painful separation, Jephtha,
To see thee harness'd for the bloody field.
But ah! how trivial are a wife's concerns,
When a whole nation bleeds, and grovelling
Panting for liberty and life. [lies,

AIR.

In gentle murmurs will I mourn,
As mourns the mate-forsaken dove;
And sighing wish thy dear return
To liberty and lasting love.

REC.—*Hamor*.

Happy this embassy, my charming Iphis,
Which once more gives thee to my longing eyes.
As Cynthia breaking from th' involving clouds
On the benighted traveller, the sight of thee,
Drives darkness and despair. [my love,
Again I live; in thy sweet smiles I live;
As in thy father's ever watchful care
Our wretched nation finds new life, new joy,
O haste and make my happiness complete.

AIR.

Dull delay in piercing anguish
Bids thy faithful lover languish,
While he pants for bliss in vain.
Oh! with gentle smiles relieve me;
Let no more false hopes deceive me,
Nor vain fears inflict a pain.

REC.—*Iphis*.

Ill suits the voice of love when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.
Act there the hero, and let rival deeds
Proclaim thee worthy to be called his son;
And Hamor shall not want his due reward.

AIR.

Take the heart you fondly gave,
Lodg'd in your breast with mine;
Thus with double ardor brave,
Sure conquest shall be thine.

REC.—*Hamor*.

I go: my soul, inspir'd by thy command,
Thirsts for the battle. I'm already crown'd
With the victorious wreath; and thou, fair
prize,
More worth than fame or conquest, thou art
mine.

DUET.

These labors past, how happy we!
How glorious will they prove!

REC.—*Jephtha*.

What mean these doubtful fancies of the
brain?

Visions of joy rise in my raptur'd soul,
There play awhile, an' set in darkness night.
Strange ardor fires my breast; my arms seem
strung

With tenfold vigor, and my crested helm
To reach the skies.—Be humble still, my soul.
It is the spirit of God; in whose great name
I offer up my vow.—

REC.—*Accompanied*.

If, Lord, sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,
Ammon I drive, and his insulting bands,
From these our long-uncultivated lands,
And safe return a glorious conqueror;—
What, or whoe'er shall first salute mine eyes,
Shall be for ever thine, or fall a sacrifice.

REC.

'Tis said.
Attend, ye chiefs, and with one voice,
Invoke the holy name of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

O God, behold our sore distress;
Omnipotent, to plague, or bless!
But turn thy wrath, and bless once more
Thy servants, who thy name adore.

REC.—*Storge*.

Some dire event hangs o'er our heads,
Some woeful song we have to sing
In misery extreme.—O, never, never
Was my foreboding mind distress'd before
With such incessant pangs.

AIR.

Scenes of horror, scenes of woe,
Rising from the shades below,
Add new terror to the night.
While in the never-ceasing pain,
That attends the servile chain,
Joyless flow the hours of light.

Iphis.

Say, my dear mother, whence these piercing
cries,

That force me, like a frightened bird, to fly
My place of rest?

Storge.

For thee I fear, my child; [soul.
Such ghastly dreams last night surprised my

REC.—Iphis.

Heed not these black illusions of the night,
The mocking of unquiet slumbers, heed them
My father, touch'd with a diviner fire, [not.
Already seems to triumph in success.
Nor doubt I but Jehovah hears our pray'rs.

AIR.

The smiling dawn of happy days
Presents a prospect clear;
And pleasing hope's all bright'ning rays
Dispel each gloomy fear;
While every charm that peace displays,
Makes spring-time all the year.

REC.—Zebul.

Such, Jephtha, was the haughty king's reply:
No terms—but ruin, slavery, and death.

REC.—Jephtha.

Sound then the last alarm:—and to the field,
Ye sons of Israel with intrepid hearts;
Dependant on the might of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command.
In vain they roll their foaming tide;
Confin'd by the Almighty pow'r,
That gave them strength to roar,
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

REC.—Hamor.

Glad tidings of great joy to thee, dear Iphis,
And to the house of Israel, I bring.
Thus then in brief:—both armies in array
Of battle rang'd, our general stept forth,
And offer'd haughty Ammon terms of peace,
Most just and righteous; these with scorn
refus'd,
He bade the trumpet sound, but scarce a sword
Was ting'd in hostile blood, ere all around
The thund'ring heavens open'd, and pour'd
forth
Thousands of armed cherubims. When
straight
Our general cried: "This is thy signal, Lord;
I follow thee, and thy bright heavenly host."
Then rushing on proud Ammon, all aghast,
He made a bloody slaughter, and pursued
The flying foe, till night bade sheath the sword,
And taste the joys of victory and peace.

CHORUS.

Cherub and Seraphim, unbodied forms,
The messengers of fate,
His dread command await;
Of swifter flight, and subtler flame,
Than lightning's winged flame,
They ride on whirlwinds, directing the storms.

AIR.—Hamor.

Up the dreadful steep ascending,
While for fame and love contending,
Sought I thee, my glorious prize.

REC.—Iphis.

'Tis well. Haste, ye maidens, and in richest
Adorn me like a stately bride, to meet [robes,
My father in triumphant pomp.
And while around the dancing banners play,—

AIR.

Tune the soft melodious lute,
Pleasant harp, and warbling flute,
To sounds of rapt'rous joy,
Such as on our sol'mn days,
Singing great Jehovah's praise,
The holy choir employ.

REC.—Jephtha.

Zebul, thy deeds were valiant, nor less thine,
My Hamor; but the glory is the Lord's.

AIR.

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe;
They fell before him, as when through the sky
He bids the sweeping winds in vengeance fly.

CHORUS.

In glory high, in might serene,
He sees, moves all, unmov'd, unseen.
His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispersed and quell'd the haughty foe.

PART II.

SYMPHONY.

REC.—Iphis.

Hail, glorious conqueror! much lov'd father,
hail!
Behold thy daughter, and her virgin train,
Come to salute thee with all duteous love.

AIR.

Welcome as the cheerful light,
Driving darkest shades of night:
Welcome as the spring that rains
Sweets and plenty o'er the plains!
Not cheerful day,

Nor springs so gay,
Such mighty blessings brings,
As peace on her triumphant wings.

SEMI-CHORUS of Virgins.

Welcome thou whose deeds conspire
To provoke the warbling lyre.
Welcome thou, whom God ordain'd
Guardian angel of our land!
Thou wert born, his glorious name
And great wonders to proclaim.

REC.—Jephtha.

Horror! confusion! harsh this music grates
Upon my tasteless ears.—Begone, my child;
Thou hast undone thy father.—Fly, begone,
And leave me to the rack of wild despair!

REC.—Zebul.

Why is my brother thus afflicted? say.
Why didst thou spurn thy daughter's gratula-
tions,
And fling her from thee with unkind disdain?

REC.—Jephtha.

O Zebul, Hamor, and my dearest wife;
Behold a wretched man;—
Thrown from the summit of presumptuous joy,
Down to the lowest depth of misery.
Know, then, I vow'd the first I saw sh'uld fall
A victim to the living God.—My daughter.—
Alas! it was my daughter! and she dies.

QUARTETTO.

Zeb. O spare thy daughter,
Sto. Spare my child,
Ham. My love.
Jep. Recorded stands my vow in heav'n above.
Sto. Recall the impious vow, ere 'tis too late;
Ham. And think not heav'n's delights
Zeb. In Moloch's horrid rites.
Jep. I'll hear no more; her doom is fix'd as fate.

REC.—*Accompanied.*—*Jephtha.*

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and cheeks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking—Yet—have I not vow'd?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
Like Chemosh and such fabled deities?
Ah! no: heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote
them down—

It must be so.—'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness—Horrid thought!
My only daughter!—so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father!—Yes—the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.—
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

CHORUS.

How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees!
All hid from mortal sight!
All our joys to sorrow turning,
And our triumphs into mourning,
As the night succeeds the day.

No certain bliss,
No solid peace,
We mortals know,
On earth below;

Yet on this maxim still obey:
Whatever is, is right.

REC.—*Accompanied.*—*Jephtha.*

Hide thou thy hated beams, O sun, in clouds
And darkness, deep as is a father's woe.

REC.

A father, offering up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

AIR.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

REC.—*Accompanied.*—*Iphis.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were
stain'd

With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will?—the call
Of heav'n with humble resignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods;
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS of *Priests.*

Doubtful fear, and reverent awe,
Strike us, Lord, while here we bow:
Check'd by thy all-sacred law,
Yet commanded by the vow.

In this distress, Lord, hear our pray'r,
And thy determin'd will declare.

SINFONIA.

REC.—*An Angel.*

Rise, Jephtha,—and, ye reverend priests
withhold
The slaught'rous hand.—No vow can disannul
The law of God.—Nor such was its intent
When rightly scann'd; and yet shall be fulfill'd.
Thy daughter, Jephtha, thou must dedicate
To God, in pure and virgin-state forever;
As not an object meet for sacrifice,
Else had she fall'n an holocaust to God.
The holy spirit, that dictated thy vow,
Bade thus explain it, and approves your faith.

AIR.

Happy, Iphis, shalt thou live;
While to thee the virgin choir
Tune their harps of golden wire,
And their yearly tribute give.
Happy, Iphis, all thy days
(Pure, angelic, virgin state)
Shalt thou live; and ages late
Crown thee with immortal praise.

REC.—*Jephtha.*

For ever blessed be thy holy name,
Lord God of Israel!

CHORUS.

Theme sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

REC.—*Zebul.*

Let me congratulate this happy turn,
My honor'd brother, judge of Israel;
Thy faith, thy courage, constancy, and truth,
Nations shall sing; and in their just applause,
All join to celebrate thy daughter's name.

AIR.

Laud her, all ye virgin train,
In glad songs of choicest strain;
Ye blest angels all around,
Laud her in melodious sound:
Virtues, that to you belong,
Love, and truth, demand the song.

REC.—*Storge.*

O let me fold thee in a mother's arms,
And with submissive joy, my child, receive
Thy designation to the life of heav'n.

AIR.

Sweet as sight to the blind,
Or freedom to the slave,
Such joy in thee I find,
Safe from the grave.
Still I'm of thee possess'd,
Such is kind Heaven's decree,
That hath thy parents bless'd
In blessing thee.

REC.—*Hamor.*

With transport, Iphis, I behold thy safety,
But must for ever mourn so dear a loss:
Dear, tho' great Jephtha were to honor me
Still with the name of son.

AIR.

'Tis Heaven's all-ruling power
That checks the rising sigh;
Yet let me still adore,
And think an angel by.

REC.—*Iphis.*

My faithful Hamor, may that Providence,
Which gently claims, or forces our submission,
Direct thee to some happier choice.

AIR.

Freely I to heav'n resign,
All that is in Hamor mine.
Joys triumphant crown thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.

CHORUS.

Ye house of Gilead, with one voice,
In blessings manifold rejoice:
Freed from war's destructive sword,
Peace her plenty round shall spread,
While in virtue's path ye tread.
So blest are they who fear the Lord.
Hallelujah, Amen.